

THE LOVERS' CORNER.

First Aid to Wounded Hearts.

The Parents to Blame.

Dear Mrs. Ayer: I have been receiving attentions from a gentleman for the past two years. His family and himself are liked personally by my folks and vice versa. I am a Catholic and he is a Protestant. For this reason my parents oppose our marriage. He has told them he will change his religion for me and to please them. He is confirmed in the Catholic Church before our wedding. Still my folks forbid our marriage simply because his folks are Protestants. He is a perfect gentleman, financially able and a perfect gentleman. I love him and can hardly think of life without him. He is a perfect gentleman. He will give me up entirely if I marry him. IMPATIENT.

There are times when parental opposition becomes tyranny. Your parents are not acting reasonably in the circumstances you relate. They have no objections to the young man personally; he is willing to change his religious creed for the one which they themselves profess; he is financially able to support you; and your future happiness seems to depend upon this marriage, which they oppose.

In view of these facts, and the added one that the young man's family offer no opposition to you or your different faith, I think you may claim the right to be faithful to your lover. Use every right means to overcome your parents' objections and do not make any hasty decision with regard to marriage against their wishes. If you and the young man truly love each other you can better afford to wait and hope than to rashly conclude that the rupture of family peace and harmony is your only other alternative.

Show this letter to your parents and tell them that one who always counsels respect to parents from their children believes also that obedient children should receive from their parents due respect for all decisions of the heart.

Another Darby and Joan.

Dear Mrs. Ayer: My husband and I are always quarrelling. I do everything to please him, but still he finds fault. When he comes home for supper he always wants to know what work I have done while he has been working. I have three children, and he thinks the house ought to be in good order whenever he comes in. Every fifteen days he has a night out. I ask him to take me out, and he tells me I can go out when he is working, for when he is off he likes to go out alone. Do you think that is proper? My mother-in-law lives in the same house and she is always telling him what to do. Kindly advise me. Mrs. V. M.

You and your husband would do well to read the old story of "Darby and Joan." In that story a man and his wife agree to exchange work for one day, in order that each might prove to

the other how easily he or she could perform the other's duties. At the end of the day both were heartily willing to return to their own work. It is related that the man got the worst of the bargain, but at all events each learned to respect the other's daily doing of the day's bit and little duties—and their home was happier in consequence. I think your husband is very unmanly to twist you with comparisons between your work and his own. I think, moreover, that by constant quarrelling and fault-finding both of you are destroying your home as surely as if you had set it on fire.

You should do everything in your power to change this. Quarrelling will die a natural death if there is nobody to encourage it, and an infallible remedy for fault-finding is to endeavor to have no faults. For the sake of the three children both of you should be ready to give up little ways and habits which provoke discord and angry words. Make a friend instead of an enemy of your mother-in-law and do not give her any occasion to set your husband against you. Keep the house and the children neat and tidy, so that he may not come home only "for supper" but for the home pleasures always awaiting him.

As for his refusal to take you out with him, I can only advise you to become such an agreeable companion that he will never wish to leave you behind.

MAY MANTON DAILY DRESS HINT.



SMART AUTUMN COSTUME.

Royal blue with stitching and trimming of black always is effective and is much worn for Autumn gowns. This stylish costume shows the combination in canary cheviot with gold and black velvet. The Norfolk coat is new and smart and harmonizes with the box plait of the skirt. Material required for the medium size: For coat, 2 1/2 yards 44 inches wide or 2 1/8 yards 53 inches wide; for skirt, 5 1/2 yards 44 inches wide or 4 1/2 yards 53 inches wide, when material has figure or nap; 3 3/4 yards 44 or 52 inches wide when material has neither figure nor nap. The Norfolk pattern, No. 4246, is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch bust measure, 10 cents. The skirt pattern, No. 4249, is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure, 10 cents. Send money to "Casher, The World, Pulitzer Building, New York City."

AS EASY TO SMILE.

When life has a notion of treating us wrong.

Or we fancy, at least, this is so;

When we notice the discord that sounds in its song.

And hear it wherever we go,

Why, then, there's a maxim that we may apply.

And by it our troubles may drown:

It's as easy to laugh as to weep or to sigh.

And as easy to smile as to frown.

If the day has a way of weeping a bit,

What matter, what matter to you?

To-morrow the spectre of tempest will flit.

The skies will be cheery and blue;

So, though the world were in a devilous way.

Look upward and onward, not down,

For Care writes his record in wrinkles

And as easy to smile as to frown.

—Felix G. Pryme in Success.

LOVE'S DREAM. BY EMILE ZOLA.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

An embroiderer named Hubert and his wife, at Beaumont, France, adopt a foundling, Angèle Marie. She grows to be a beautiful, dreamer and a religious devotee. One evening she sees outside her window a young man with a pale face and a dreamy expression. She has long loved.

She later meets the man, who tells her his name is Felicien and that he is a painter of cathedral windows. He avows his love for her and promises to marry her. Later she learns he is a young nobleman, son of the local bishop. Also that he is betrothed to the daughter of a noble family.

Angèle sickens from unappetence, and Felicien, in lengthened absence, and interview with her, in which he tells her he still loves her.

Angèle at last is dying. The bishop says that he recovers he will consent to her marrying Felicien.

CHAPTER VI. Victory!

IDEED by the Abbe Cornille, the Bishop performed the holy rites of extreme-unction over the dying girl.

In the hallway outside the door Felicien sobbed in the convulsion of hope.

At the ceremony's conclusion the Bishop held the holy taper above the seemingly unconscious girl.

Then Monseigneur was seized with a great trembling. It was an emotion, long combated, which overpowered within him, bearing away the last sacred ritual. He had loved her, this child, from the day she had knelt sobbing at his knees, pure, fragrant with the sweetness of youth. At this hour she was piteous, with this paleness of the tomb, of so sad a beauty that he could not turn his eyes to the bed without his heart being secretly flooded with grief. At last he ceased to contain himself, two big tears welled between his lids, ran down his cheeks. She should not die thus, she had conquered him by her charm in death.

And Monseigneur, remembering the miracles of his race, this power of healing that heaven had given his people, thought that doubtless God was awaiting his fatherly consent. He invoked Saint Agnes, before whom all his house had made their devotions, and, like Jean V. d'Hauteceuvre praying at the bedside of the plague-stricken and kissing them, he prayed, and, stooping, kissed Angèle on the forehead.

"If God will, I will."

At once Angèle raised her lids.

She looked at him without surprise, awakened from her long swoon and her lips, warm with the kiss, smiled.

These were the things that were to be realized; perhaps she had just dreamed them again, thinking it very natural that Monseigneur should be there to betroth her to Felicien since she had come back.

And of herself she sat up, amid the great royal bed.

The Bishop, beaming, the light of the prodigy shining in his eyes, repeated the formula:

"Accipe lampadem ardorem!"

"Amen," responded the abbe.

Angèle had taken the lighted taper, and, with a firm hand, held it erect.

Her life had come back, the flame burned very clear, driving away the spirits of the night.

A great cry pierced the room. Felicien smiled.

"Oh! I knew: I was waiting. All that I have seen must be."

But Monseigneur, who had recovered his serene hauteur, laid once more to her lips the crucifix, which she then kissed, as a submissive child. Then, with a great sweep of his hand, over all the room, over all the heads, he gave the last blessings, while the Huberts and the Abbe Cornille wept.

Felicien had taken the hand of Angèle, and, in the other little hand the

THIRTEENTH ARTICLE OF SERIES.

How to Have a Beautiful Face.

By HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

CLEANLINESS OF SKIN AND CARE OF THE TEETH.



NOTHING SO GOOD AS THE FACE SOAP AND A RICH CREAM WITH PLenty of WATER.

There is no skin beautifier and there never has been and never will be in my opinion, that will take the place in cosmetic properties of soaps, hot water and friction.

I know all of the absurd and illogical theories as well as the results in thousands of cases where the subject exemplifies any one of the systems opposed to water and soap for the complexion.

Incomprehensible as it appears to me, every once in a while I read an attack on soap and water, as agents of purification of the skin or the face.

It is a pity that so many women believe a thing opposed to all sane reasoning, because they happen to see it in print.

How any thinking woman can believe that the skin of her face differs from any other part of her body in its necessity for the only cleanliness to be obtained which is through soap and water, is a mystery to me.

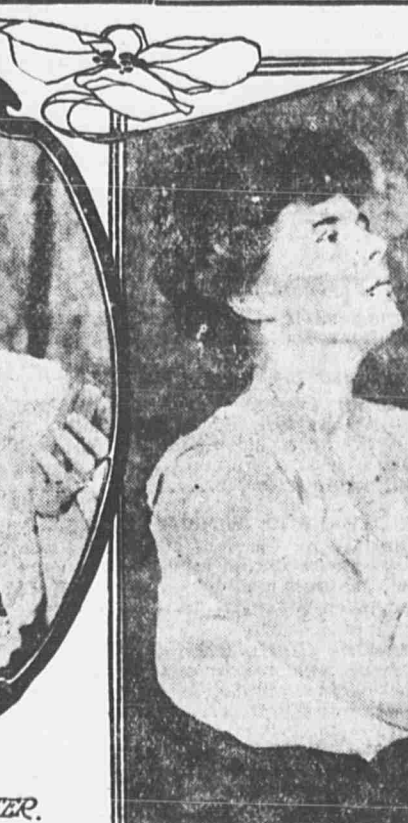
It is a well-known fact and you have only to refer to the text books written by the most eminent specialists that very many skin diseases originate in dirt.

Constantly, or perhaps I would better say, very frequently, I receive pamphlets extolling one system of beauty culture or another in which face washing is solemnly declared injurious to the texture of the skin.

This is nonsense to the very last degree. Face washing does not injure the baby's skin, which is certainly quite as delicate as his mother's. It has not injured the complexion of the English woman, who has been a face scrubber almost from her birth, and whose face bears for generations back have been notorious tubbers and scrubbers.

As a matter of statistics the most beautiful complexions in the world are those of the women of nations proverbial for their exquisite and immaculate cleanliness.

The English women, Germans, Norwegians, Dutch, all devotees of soap and water, have the most lovely satin-like skins.



A COLD SPRING IS GOOD AS A TONIC BUT COLD WATER WILL NOT CLEANSE YOUR SKIN.

Complexions deprecate in texture and beauty in a ratio to the scrubbing propensities of the nations represented.

The worst skins in the world are found in the far East, where the natives smear oils upon the face instead of using water and soap, and where even the babies are afflicted with frightful sores and pustules.

There is a lot of talk about cleansing the face with cold cream, which is to be used as a substitute for water.

Cold cream has its use, but it cannot take the place of soap, water and friction.

For example, after a long day's exposure in the sun and wind, during which time the natural oils upon which the cuticle depends for its smoothness and elasticity are exhausted. Literally, burned out. For wind and sun will burn out the body fuse or fat.

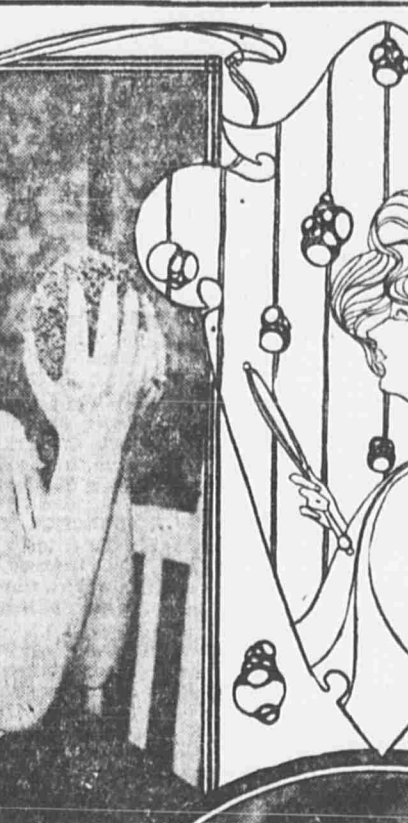
In such cases cold cream liberally applied to the face will not only remove any superfluous dust, which, of course, at once adheres to the untended application, but the oils of the cream will feed the exhausted skin, restore it and take away that miserable feeling of drawing which we all have experienced.

Do not be misled into thinking that cold cream will really cleanse the pores of the skin thoroughly.

Just consider what is meant, and remember that pure grease will not take the place of soap and water in dissolving dirt or any other foreign substance which collect in the pores of the skin, any more than it will take dirt out of your clothing.

If smearing the face with grease will cleanse it, why will it not do the same with the hands. It is a perfectly absurd proposition.

The skin of the face requires soap, hot water and friction. In order to thoroughly loosen and remove any clogged secretions of the pores and to dissolve and wash away the effete mat-



DO NOT BRUSH YOUR TEETH ACROSS THEM IS THE WRONG WAY.

ter caused by the continual reproduction of the scarf skin.

Soap, as you know, is composed of oils made saponaceous by just enough alkali to hold it together in a concrete mass.

A pure hygienic soap is one which does not contain any free alkali, that is to say, more than is required to hold it together.

If you do not keep your face clean the functions of the skin are partially suspended. The pores are congested and unless they are relieved the result will inevitably be first a black head and then a pimple.

Don't be afraid to wash your face with soap and hot water, and unless your skin is diseased, you should also use the face scrubbing brush of which you have constantly read, if you are interested in this department.

Be sure you get the right brush. I have no financial interest in this article, but as I myself originated the face scrubbing brush and the first ones that



GIVE THE FACE A COLD CREAM BATH AFTER LONG EXPOSURE TO SUN OR WIND.

it on the soap until you get a good lather, and don't be afraid to scrub although of course you are not supposed to treat your face as though it were the kitchen floor.

The value of the brush is in the fact that the bristles search the pores of the skin and dislodge all congested foreign matter. Rinse the face in several waters, each one a little cooler than the last. Don't forget that it is just as important to remove any particles of soap from the skin ducts as it is to cleanse the pores from dust.

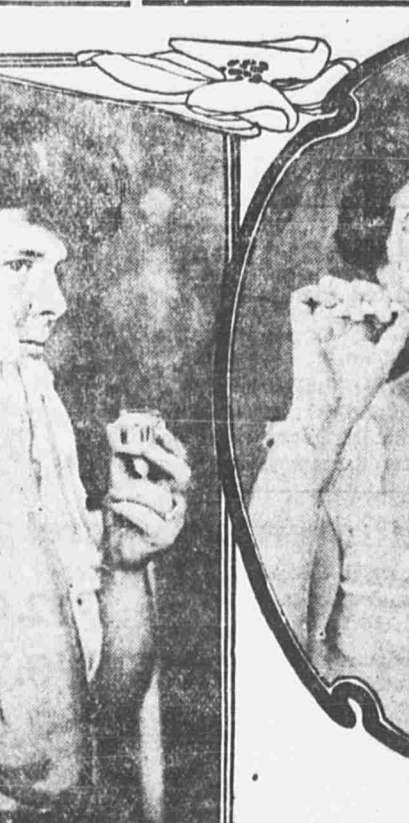
Last of all, give the face a good cold sponge in water cold enough to have a tonic effect. A few drops of tincture of benzoin in the cold water makes a delightful ending.

Sometimes the brush when first used will irritate the skin a little. This is quite natural, as the flesh is unaccustomed to so much friction.

If this is the case apply a little cold cream. The skin, however, soon recovers from any tenderness caused by the brush, and once you get accustomed to scrubbing your face with a brush, you will never feel clean of satisfied with any other sort of a bath.

More depends upon the teeth in determining good looks than many women appear to realize.

It makes no difference how perfect



THE CORRECT WAY TO BRUSH THE TEETH IS UP AND DOWN.

the face, if the lips of the woman part to reveal misshapen, decayed or ill-cared for teeth, all other claims to beauty are lost sight of.

Better economize in almost any other way than in the care of your teeth. Absolutely clean teeth never decay. It is quite impossible in most cases to keep the teeth actually free from the bacteria which the food lodged in the crevices produces as soon as fermentation takes place.

And for this reason I think every woman who can possibly do so should visit a dentist three or four times a year.

Thoroughly inspecting the teeth in this way cavities are never allowed to get large, teeth are not lost, and the subject is saved all the pain which we usually associate rightly with dentistry.

The best time to brush the teeth, as far as preservation is concerned is immediately after eating.

Of course, for one's own comfort, one wants to brush one's teeth on arising, but do not forget that it is imperative if you would preserve your teeth, that they should be brushed before going to bed.

Brush always up and down. You cannot dislodge the food particles by brushing across the teeth, and many physicians claim that the enamel of the teeth is injured and worn by cross-brushing which is really brushing across the grain.

The next article will explain why some women never look stylish or smart.

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